

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

172

MURDER . . . MURDER . . . MURDER . . .

STUART MARTIN
TELLS YOU
OF ANOTHER
UNSOLVED
CRIME

The Warning of the Wheels

THUD-THUD . . . thud-thud . . . thud-thud.

Put a metallic, muffled ring into the thud-thud, and you have the rhythm of a flat wheel when a train is running. You've noticed how you find this rhythm in a train when you are sleeping, or semi-sleeping?

Mur-der . . . mur-der . . . mur-der!

There it is translated into a warning, a message, maybe by pure imagination. Maybe.

Mur-der . . . mur-der . . . murder . . . mur-der . . . mur-der!

A passenger in a suburban train about a generation ago sat dozing in a corner of a compartment while the local train ran between Hounslow and Waterloo Station. It was the eight-thirty, stopping at Isleworth, Brentford, Kew Bridge, Chiswick, Barnes Bridge, Barnes, Putney, Wandsworth, Clapham Junction, Vauxhall, Waterloo.

THIS passenger had the queer sensation that the wheels of the train under him were beating out the word—mur-der . . . mur-der . . . mur-der.

He dismissed the idea when the train reached Waterloo, and, now thoroughly awake, stepped out and made his way home. Richard Wells was that man's name; his home was in Highgate.

THE WHEELS WERE RIGHT.

Immediately the train was emptied of its passengers, the porters, as porters do, went along the train, opening compartment doors to see that no articles or newspapers were left. One of the porters opened a second-class compartment door (there were second-class compartments in those days), and saw something lying on the floor.

He turned and ran down the platform shouting for the inspector. The wheels had tapped been waiting.

Mur-der . . . mur-der . . . mur-der!

They found, lying half on the seat, half on the floor, the form of a well-dressed girl.

The compartment was in a dreadful state, showing signs of a struggle.

The girl was hurried to St. Thomas's Hospital. She died a few minutes after she was carried into the ward.

Meanwhile, on Waterloo Station, loitering near the bookstall, was a young man named Ted Berry. He had been waiting the arrival of that eight-thirty train, and now was waiting for the next.

He asked a porter what the scene was about, and was told that a girl had been found dying in a compartment. Mr. Berry went straight to St. Thomas's Hospital . . . wondering.

He found the girl, not in a ward, but in the mortuary. He was able to identify her quickly.

It was Elizabeth Camp, his sweetheart, for whom he had waited correctly.

They found, lying half on the seat, half on the floor, the form of a well-dressed girl.

Elizabeth Camp was a tall, handsome girl, of high character. She had been employed as a barmaid at the Good Intent, in East Street, Walworth.

In the afternoon of her day off Berry had left his shop and seen her off at Waterloo on her journey. As she leaned out of the carriage window she had whispered to him, "I'll be back with the eight-thirty; will you meet me?"

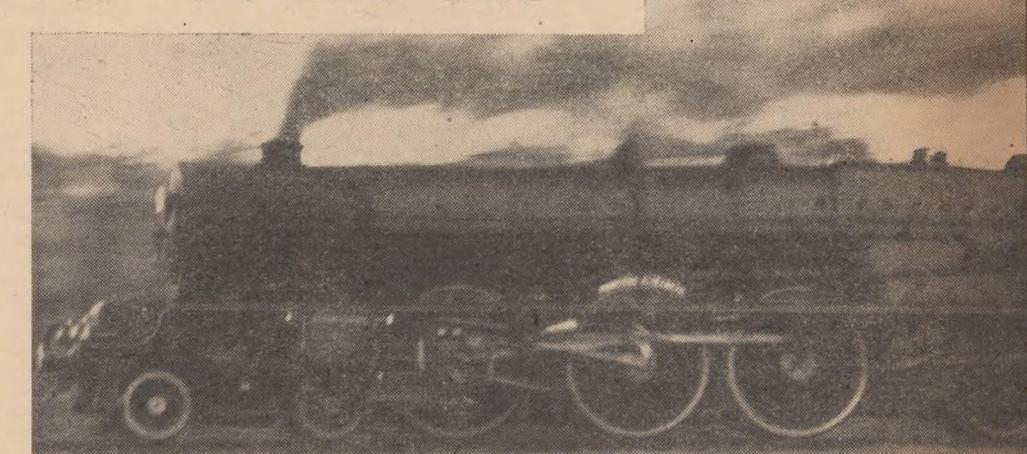
"Of course I'll meet you," he replied, laughing. And that is why he was at Waterloo Station that evening.

Elizabeth Camp's movements were easy to trail. She had called on her married sister at Hounslow, and the two had gone out shopping. Elizabeth had bought some things she wanted for her future home, and had spent a good deal of money.

"I have only a shilling or two left," she told her sister, "but I have my return ticket, and that is all that matters. Ted will be waiting for me at Waterloo."

They never found the person who murdered this barmaid. I do not blame the police. I blame the railway officials. The railway people did not notify the police of the tragedy.

It was the hospital authorities who did that; and when the police went to Waterloo Station they found that the carriage in which the murder had been committed had been cleansed; all trace of finger-prints or possibility of identification marks had been washed away!



The police were smart enough on the job. They were made inquiries at all asylums within a radius of London's outer circle. No releases had taken place. All the dangerous "maniacs" were safely housed where they couldn't get pestles or anything else with which to murder.

THE PESTLE FOUND.

They went to the hospital. The doctors there said that the murderer had used some heavy instrument to batter this girl to death. The wounds proved that. The police searched the railway, for it is usual for criminals of this kind to throw away their weapon.

They found the weapon. It was a bloodstained, heavy pestle, lying under the bridge where the train crossed the little "river" Wandle. So the police argued that the murder had been committed between Putney and Wandsworth.

They did their best to find the man who had carried the pestle. Chemists use pestles to pound up their concoctions in mortars and roll them into pills. The police raked London for a missing pestle. They did not find one.

A barmaid came forward with a story of a "tall, dark man" who had entered a public-house hurriedly at Wandsworth just after the train arrived. He demanded a drink, gulped it off, and left.

Then somebody suggested that the murderer must be a maniac. (It is alarming how many "maniacs" are suspected

in murder cases.) The police found that several weeks before the crime, a man, whose crimes had generally included "beating-up" his victims, had been released from prison after a long stretch.

I found that less than a month after the death of Elizabeth Camp this man was taken again—this time for murder. He had used a heavy lead window weight.

I found that a heavy pestle had been stolen just before Elizabeth Camp's murder from a marine store in the East End of London.

THEY HANGED HIM.

And that is all. The police never accused anyone of killing Elizabeth Camp. The police could not find anyone to accuse.

And yet . . . and yet . . .

I believe I know who killed that handsome, well-set-up girl in the prime of life and activity.

I have found one peculiar fact in crime. When a potential criminal faces any crisis his reactions are in the class I call repetitive. The man who uses a knife always goes for a knife. The man who smites with a bludgeon always goes armed with a bludgeon of some sort.

You find the same mental reaction, the same psychological repetitive moves, in what have been called "occupational habits." It is something deep in our natures that always comes out at the high peak of emotion, or under severe strain.

A cashier thinks in figures, just as a boxer thinks of punching. You see what I mean? Repetitive reaction.

So what?

I went into this case of Elizabeth Camp very closely. I

place no weight on the

story of the "tall, dark man" who ordered a drink at Wandsworth.

I believe the murderer left the train at Waterloo, slamming the door of the compartment after him, and walked through the barrier with other passengers. I believe that, since he had lost his pestle, he found another weapon—the window weight. And he was hanged for the second crime. So that is why nobody was ever accused of killing the girl who was so soon to become a bride.

P.O. TEL. REGINALD KING Here's Mother

Saying
Hello!

HERE'S mother, who had a son in the last war and another in this.

She is Mrs. King, of 43 St. Margaret's Street, Rochester, Kent. Twenty-five years ago her son Harold was fighting; now, her son, Petty Officer Telegraphist Reginald King, is serving in H.M. Submarines.

Have some glad tidings for you, Reg. Your mother is quite well again after her recent illness.

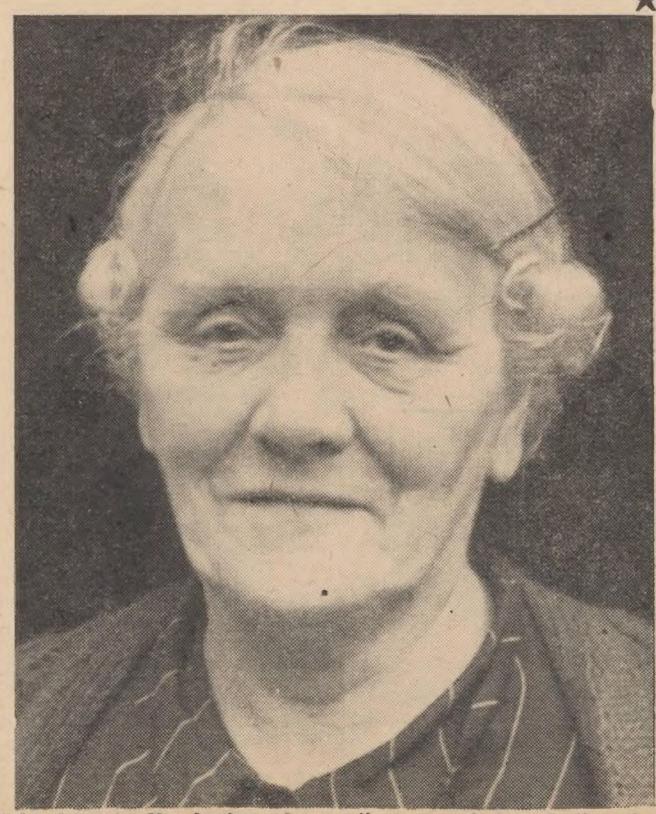
Your brother Fred, now a Major in the Royal Engineers, was in Sicily a few weeks ago. Your mother's guess is that he is another step nearer Berlin.

Victor, your brother in the Merchant Navy, is now in England, and hoping to get back to his old ship in the near future.

Frank, after seeing most of the world with N.A.F.I., is also back in England, and is holding down a responsible managerial job.

Harold is prospering in his hairdresser's business, and your other brother, John, has just completed his pontoon in the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Your three sisters are all well and send their love. Quite a number of your old



friends at Newington have other members of the darts fraternity send greetings, and express their desire of another game with you soon.

Can we live for ever?
Asks C. N. DORAN

SURGERY and medical knowledge has already gone so far that the ability of science to prolong human life to as many as 1,900 years has been affirmed.

Dr. Eugene Fisk, president of the New York Life Extension Institute, said so some time ago, and based his prediction on the achievements of science to extend the life of the ordinary house-fly to 900 times its usual length.

"Youth," he said, "is a physical state and not a function of time." And he instanced the turtles that live for 200 years, and the giant redwood trees of California that are practically immortal.

It was in 1911 that the first operation was performed, by Dr. Hammond, of Philadelphia, of transferring the healthy kidney of a man killed in an accident to the body of a man whose diseased kidney was removed.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, the famous surgeon, transplanted the kidney of a dog to a human

being. Both patients got well and lived happier lives thereafter.

Thirty years ago the medical profession knew very little about the glands of the human body. To-day they are discovering new facts almost every day.

Dr. Cushing, of St. John's Hospital, Baltimore, took part in the brain of a man newly dead and put it into the skull of a man whose brain was partially diseased. The operation was successful.

Dr. Fisk, who has made a special study of age and its causes, has declared that old age is "always premature" just as death from tuberculosis is premature. He has made up a category of conditions antagonistic to human life. These include infestation, poison, overeating, under-eating, fear, grief, emotional stress and apathy, and heredity.

Physical collapse, he says, is always the result of antagonistic conditions, and he contends that it is possible for

science to find a way of eliminating these conditions, so that human life could go on indefinitely.

Dr. H. P. Friedenberg, of the Pennsylvania Medical Society, says it is possible for a human being to have the glands of eternity. He declared that

science could now control the elusive endocrine system.

Short men or women can be made to become tall, thin ones can be made fat, or the fat ones can be given a luxuriant crop of hair; even people's natures can be changed by controlling the glands. Up to the present it was difficult for medical men to tell why features were hereditary, the Bourbon jaw (look at the Spanish kings) carries on from father to son.

Insane people can be made sane, and sane ones can be made insane, by gland control. But these are side issues compared with the opening vista of prolonging life for a few thousand years—and ultimately, no doubt, for ever.

"You had a reason for hating him?"

THE VANISHING OF VAUDREY

By G. K. CHESTERTON

FATHER BROWN began to draw rough designs with the point of his stumpy umbrella on the strip of sand near the body of Sir Arthur Vaudrey.

"Let's see," he said, "how does the row of shops run? First, the butcher's. Well, of course, a butcher would be an ideal performer with a large carving knife.

"But you saw Vaudrey come out; and it isn't very probable that he stood in the outer shop while the butcher said, 'Good morning! Allow me to cut your throat? Thank you. And the next article, please?'

"Sir Arthur doesn't strike me as the sort of man who'd have stood there with a pleasant smile while this happened. He was a strong and vigorous man, with a rather violent temper. And who else, except the butcher, could have stood up to him?

"The next shop," continued Father Brown, "is kept by an old woman. Then comes the tobacconist, who is certainly a man, but, I am told, quite a small and timid one. Then there is the dressmaker's, run by two maiden ladies. Beyond that there is but the inn, with the policeman between."

He made a punch with the ferrule of his umbrella to represent the policeman, and

remained moodily staring up the river. Then he made a slight movement with his hand, and, stepping quickly, stooped over the corpse.

"Ah," he said, straightening himself and letting out a great breath. "The tobacconist!"

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Smith in some exasperation. For Father Brown was rolling his eyes and muttering the word "tobacconist" as though it were a terrible word of doom.

"Did you notice," said the priest, "something curious about his face?"

"Curious, my God!" said Evan.

"I said his face," said the cleric quietly. "Besides, don't you notice his hand is hurt?"

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it," said Evan hastily. "That happened before. He

cut his hand with a broken ink bottle."

"It has something to do with it, for all that," replied Father Brown.

There was a long silence, and the priest walked moodily along, trailing his umbrella and muttering the word "tobacconist."

Then he pointed to a boat among the rushes.

"Row me along the river," he said. "I want to see the houses from the back."

Smith was already pulling the little boat upstream before Father Brown spoke again.

Then he said:

"By the way, I found out from old Abbott what was the real story of poor Vaudrey's misdemeanour. It was rather a curious story about an Egyptian official who had insulted him by saying that a good Moslem would avoid swine and Englishmen, but preferred swine. The quarrel was renewed some years after, when the official visited England, and Vaudrey, in his violent passion, dragged the man to a pig-sty on the farm attached to the country house and threw him in, breaking his arm and leg. There was a row about it, of course. But—that

doesn't seem a thing that would have kept a man silent under deadly blackmail for decades."

"Then you don't think it had anything to do with the story we are considering?"

"I think it had a thundering lot to do with the story I am considering now," said Father Brown.

They were now rowing past the low wall and the steep strips of back garden running down from the back doors to the river.

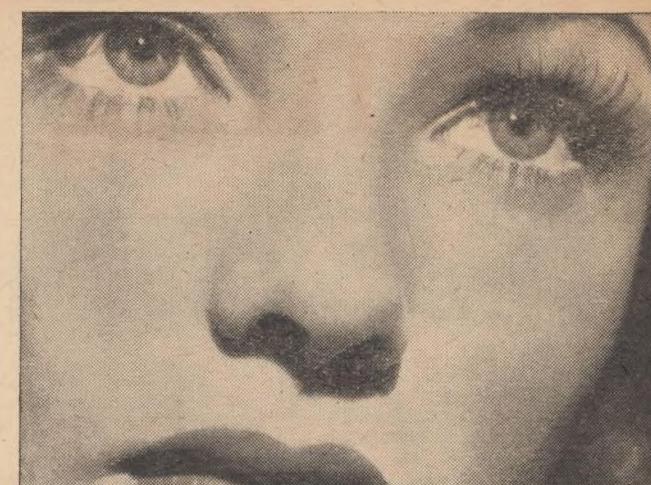
Father Brown counted to three carefully, pointing with his umbrella, and, when he came to the third, he said again:

"Tobacconist! Is the tobacconist by any chance . . . but I'll act on my own guess till I know. Only, I'll tell you what it was I thought odd about Sir Arthur's face. He was a great dandy, and he was only half-shaved. Could you stop here for a moment? We could tie up the boat to that post."

A minute or two afterwards they had clambered over the little wall and were mounting the steep path of the little garden.

"You see, the tobacconist

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



What peaceful eyes! Yet they made a hit in "Thunder Eyes." Any help if we tell you she's a 20th Century-Fox star—or is it? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 171: A Nide.

QUIZ for today

1. A cariole is an American bird, a light carriage, a piece of music, an Indian priest, a Mexican doctor?

2. Who wrote (a) Twice Told Tales, (b) A Tale of Two Cities?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Mahogany, Oak, Maple, Ebony, Cedar, Elm, Beech.

4. What is a native of Liverpool called?

5. Who said, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth"?

6. How many rivers in the world are over 2,000 miles long?

7. Which of the following are misspelt?—Cumbersome, Cumberbund, Eradiate, Intrinsics, Flamengo, Flageolet.

8. How many stars are there in the Great Bear?

9. Who was Rosencrantz?

10. Correct, "The curfew tolls the knell of dying day." Who wrote it?

11. California was discovered in 1474, 1534, 1674, 1774, 1784?

12. What is the meaning of Quo vadis?

Answers to Quiz in No. 171

1. Animal.

2. (a) W. W. Jacobs, (b) M. G. Lewis.

3. Drake was a sailor; the others soldiers.

4. Morocochoa, Peru: 15,865 feet.

5. Winston Churchill.

6. Die.

7. Boomerang, Glutinous.

8. Kind of snuff.

9. The original of Robinson Crusoe.

10. "And even the ranks of Tuscany." Macaulay.

11. 1314.

12. (a) Spencer, (b) Adonis.

HOW MANY?

A PEN-FRIEND, used to dating her letters numerically (31.12.39, etc.), noticed on two consecutive days during the war that if she had reversed the four figures used in the dates and changed the place of a dot each time, the result would have been two dates earlier in the war.

What were the two consecutive days?

(Solution on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

In Southern Europe the land is rising, for there are some old docks on the coast of Crete which now stand thirty feet above sea-level. In 1853 the coast of Chile rose ten feet suddenly, during an earthquake, while a violent quake in Alaska in 1899 raised the coast forty feet in a single movement!

The delicate form of seismograph used to measure earth movements directly is extraordinarily sensitive. At Kew, London, there is a seismograph which records the thundering of heavy seas on the coast at Southend, forty miles away, and instruments have been made which actually measure the regular depression of the English Channel under the weight of the high tides.

Who is it?

His father having been murdered, his mother married again. To avenge his father's death he killed his step-father. He jilted his fiancee and killed her father, whereupon she went mad and committed suicide. He also killed her brother in a duel. His mother died of poison, and he himself died as a result of the duel.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Range.
- 6 Coquette.
- 10 Talk.
- 11 Kind of crow.
- 12 Join.
- 13 Girl's name.
- 14 Find fault.
- 16 Long time.
- 17 Swarm.
- 20 Hair band.
- 22 Lived.
- 24 Tea selector.
- 26 Nonsense.
- 29 Young rascal.
- 30 Guided.
- 32 Horse woman.
- 33 Showy flower.
- 36 Emmet.
- 37 Cricket deliveries.
- 38 W. Riding town.
- 39 Slight admixture.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

DICKIE BIRDS?

S	A	A	R	R	A	W
W	A	A	L	D	R	W
J	K	G	L	A	O	L
S	W	Y	K	A	O	W
S	P	C	T	L	I	K

Here are the names of some well-known birds (dickie-birds). The letters are in the right column, but not on the right line. Can you sort them out?

(Solution in No. 173)

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in BIFF, but not in KNOCK-OUT, My second's in STRIKE, but not in LOCK-OUT, My third is in COLONEL, not in BLIMP, My fourth is in COCKLE, but not in SHRIMP, My fifth is in STANDARD and in PENNANT, My sixth is in LANDLORD, not in TENANT, My next is in WARFARE, not in PEACE, My last is in HOLLAND, not in GREECE.

Gamin, Matin, Magic, Giant, Tinge, Mange, Mince, Meant, Faint, etc.

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE

WELL, GIRLS, THIS IS MY LAST BACHELOR EVENING!

I HOPE WE SHALL BE ABLE TO MEET GEORGIE WHEN YOU'RE MARRIED, JANE.

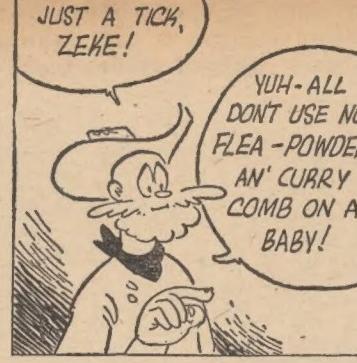
I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T HAVE THE CHANCE—EVEN IF I'D TRUST HIM WITH YOU!—IT'S TOO SAD—HE'S GOING ABROAD NEXT WEEK...

OH WELL, THE WAR CAN'T LAST FOR EVER, DEAR!

OCH, THE WAR CAN'T LAST FOR EVER, ME BOY!—AND I'LL BE AFTER LOOKING AFTER JANE WHILE YOU'RE SERVING YOUR COUNTRY!

LOOKING AFTER THE LADIES IS BOLONEY'S WAR EFFORT, GEORGIE!

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

Can you answer "Yes" or "No"?

1. Did Sir Hiram Maxim use petrol in his first machine?
2. And did he succeed in flying before 1900?
3. "The first Zep was built at Nuremberg" is this correct?
4. Were monoplanes flown before 1910?
5. And were pilots' certificates issued prior to the Great War?

THE aeroplane became a reality within living memory, but men have toyed with the idea of flying since earliest times.

Solomon pondered upon "the way of a bird in the air," and marvelled that he himself couldn't fly; Leonardo da Vinci deemed it possible, and actually designed a flying machine; while the poet Tennyson anticipated aerial warfare when he wrote about "the nations' airy navies, grappling in the central blue."

Those were the dreamers. Here are the men who transformed those dreams into working machines.

First, Sir Hiram Maxim. He made aeroplanes.

It was his contention that, inasmuch as all things that fly are heavier than air, the problem of aerial navigation "must be solved by a machine whose natural tendency is to fall to the ground."

Nature gave him a blue-print.

The wing of a bird is not flat, but hollow on its under side, and at the front has a slightly downward dip. The wing of a plane, he reckoned, must be similarly designed.

Being familiar with steam, he chose it as motive power for the plane—which answers Question 1. The trial he made from Baldwyn's Park, Kent, in 1894 (answer to Question 2), has been claimed as the first flight of an aeroplane, fully equipped with engine and crew, in the world's history. But the claim is disputed.

Second, Count Zeppelin. The first Zep was tested over Lake Constance in 1900. The ship was 900 feet long. It was built on the lake in a giant floating shed, which alone cost £10,000—so it's "No" to Question 3.

Its initial trial, on July 2, was watched by a crowd of scientists and engineers from the lakeside. The Zeppelin travelled three and a half miles. An early mishap to the steering gear prevented it from showing to advantage, but it made a good landing.

After a second trip, three months later, the Count ran out of funds, and the airship was broken up and its parts sold.

Then came a young Brazilian named Santos Dumont. Like the Count, he pinned his faith to airships.

A prize of £4,000 was offered to the first man who could fly round the Eiffel Tower in a half-hour trip. Dumont won it.

BACK TO EARTH.

His airship was driven by a four-cylinder petrol engine, which, once stopped, couldn't be restarted without coming to earth. This lent his flight an element of uncertainty.

The first time he tried for the prize, the misfiring of one of the cylinders almost brought about a collision with the Eiffel Tower.

The Prince of Monaco invited him to cruise about over the bay.

Dumont grew venturesome one day and decided to head out to sea in the direction of Corsica. Unhappily, the trip was brought to an abrupt end by a leakage of gas, which precipitated the airship—and Mr. Dumont—into the water.

But Count Zeppelin and Dumont had both shown that the petrol engine could be applied to mechanical flight.

The Wright brothers appeared in 1903. They were Americans, working at Dayton, Ohio, on gliders.

In 1905 they made 45 flights in a petrol-driven plane, on one occasion remaining in the air for half an hour and covering 24 miles.

Monoplanes were first flown in 1909—this answers Question 4—a year of notable flights.

It was in July of that year that Bleriot thrilled the world by crossing the Channel from Calais to Dover.

ROLLS OVER CHANNEL.

The following June the first crossing and double-crossing of the Channel by an Englishman were made by the Hon. C. S. Rolls.

In 1910 the first aeroplane pilot's certificate was issued, which solves Question 5.

Long-distance flights after the Great War brought publicity to the pilots rather than fame to the designers.

Solutions to Puzzles on Page 2
Numerical Puzzle

1.4.43 (reversed to 3.4.41), and
2.4.43 (reversed to 3.4.42).

Allied Ports :
FREETOWN.

Mixed Doubles.
(a) WHOLE & INTACT.
(b) EARN & FORFEIT.

WHO IS IT?
HAMLET.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed
to : "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

Can you even think of North Devon without thinking of Clovelly. Wonder how many thousand visitors have toiled up that cobbled street from the harbour?



★ "I think I like London much better than Blackpool where I live, because at home, none of the birdies will eat their dinners like this."



You always thought a "cat and dog" life was turbulent didn't you? Think again. Why, they are so engrossed they don't even notice each other.



Hey, where the hell are all you chaps running off to? Sorry. It's just the local laundry, hanging out the empties.



Janet Blair, Columbia star, seems all prepared for business. Have any of you guys been throwin' your weight about?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Boy . . . is that our new skipper?"

